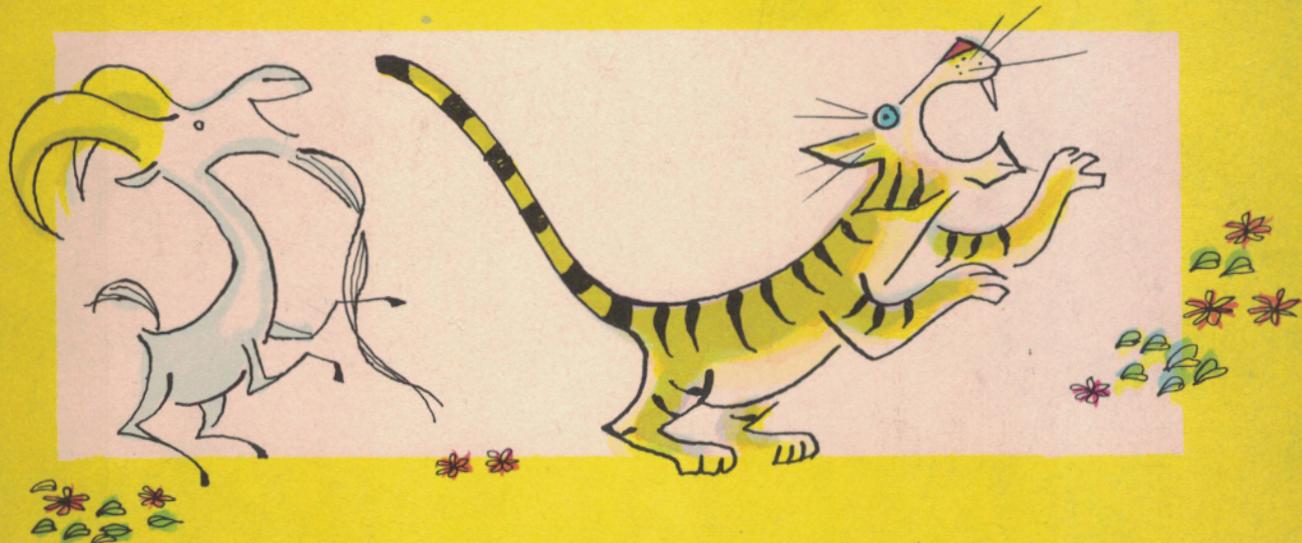


BHOMBALI DASS

THE UNCLE OF LION



a tale from Pakistan told by Ashraf Siddiqui

drawn by *Tom Hamil*



Bhomhal Dass

THE UNCLE OF LION

\$2.75

Bhombal Dass

*told by Ashraf Siddiqui
drawn by Tom Hamil*

Bhombal Dass, who claims to be the Uncle of Lion, the King of the Forest, is in fact a somewhat elderly goat. He won't mind our telling you he's really a goat—he only claimed to be the Uncle of Lion, King of the Forest because he got backed into a pretty tight corner by a tiger and had to think of *something*, after all. And if you happen to believe, as Bhombal Dass did, that **WIT IS MIGHTIER THAN STRENGTH** you just might try to make a tiger believe, under the circumstances, that you were a Lion's close relative.

A beguiling folk tale from Pakistan told in "sweet and simple English," as Mr. Siddiqui says himself, and illustrated with warm affection and great charm by Tom Hamil.

Ages 4-8

BHOMBAL DASS

The Uncle of Lion

To the little brothers and sisters of America

© The Macmillan Company 1959

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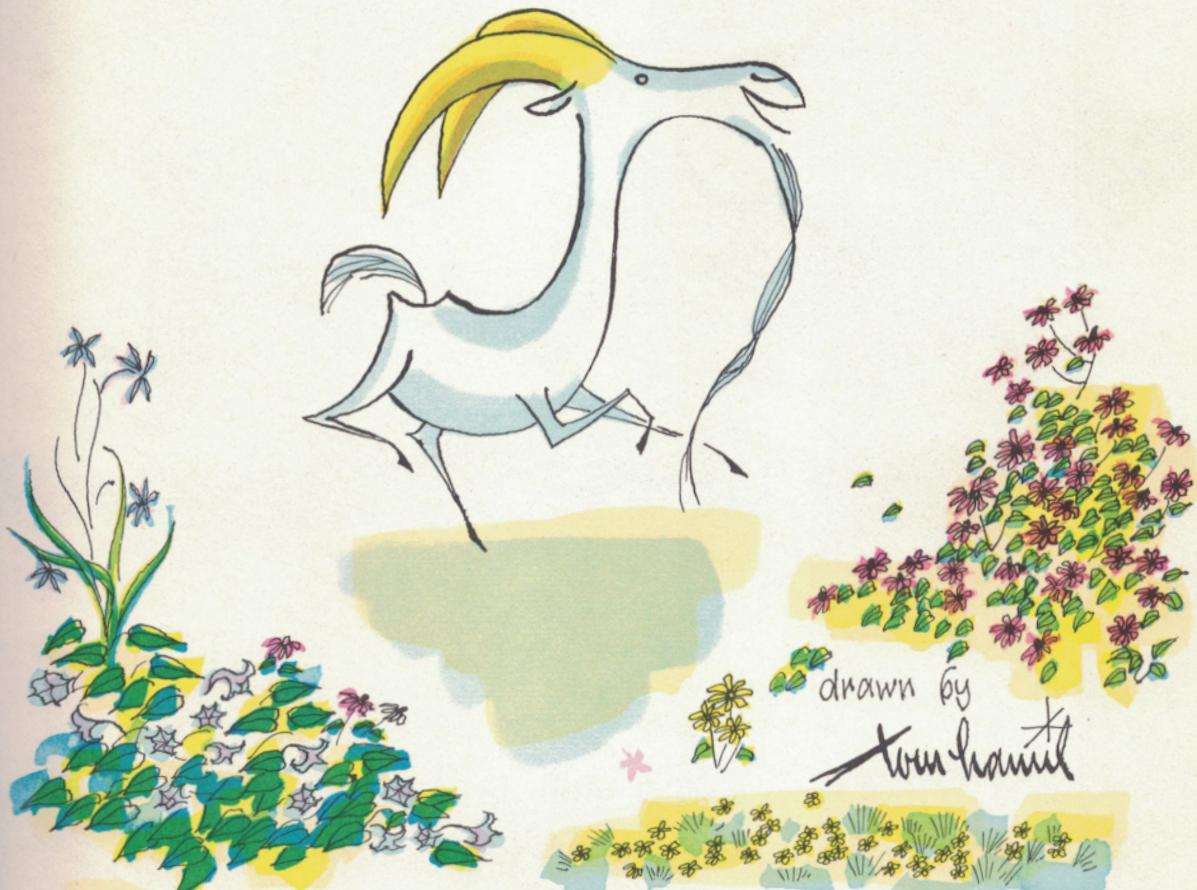
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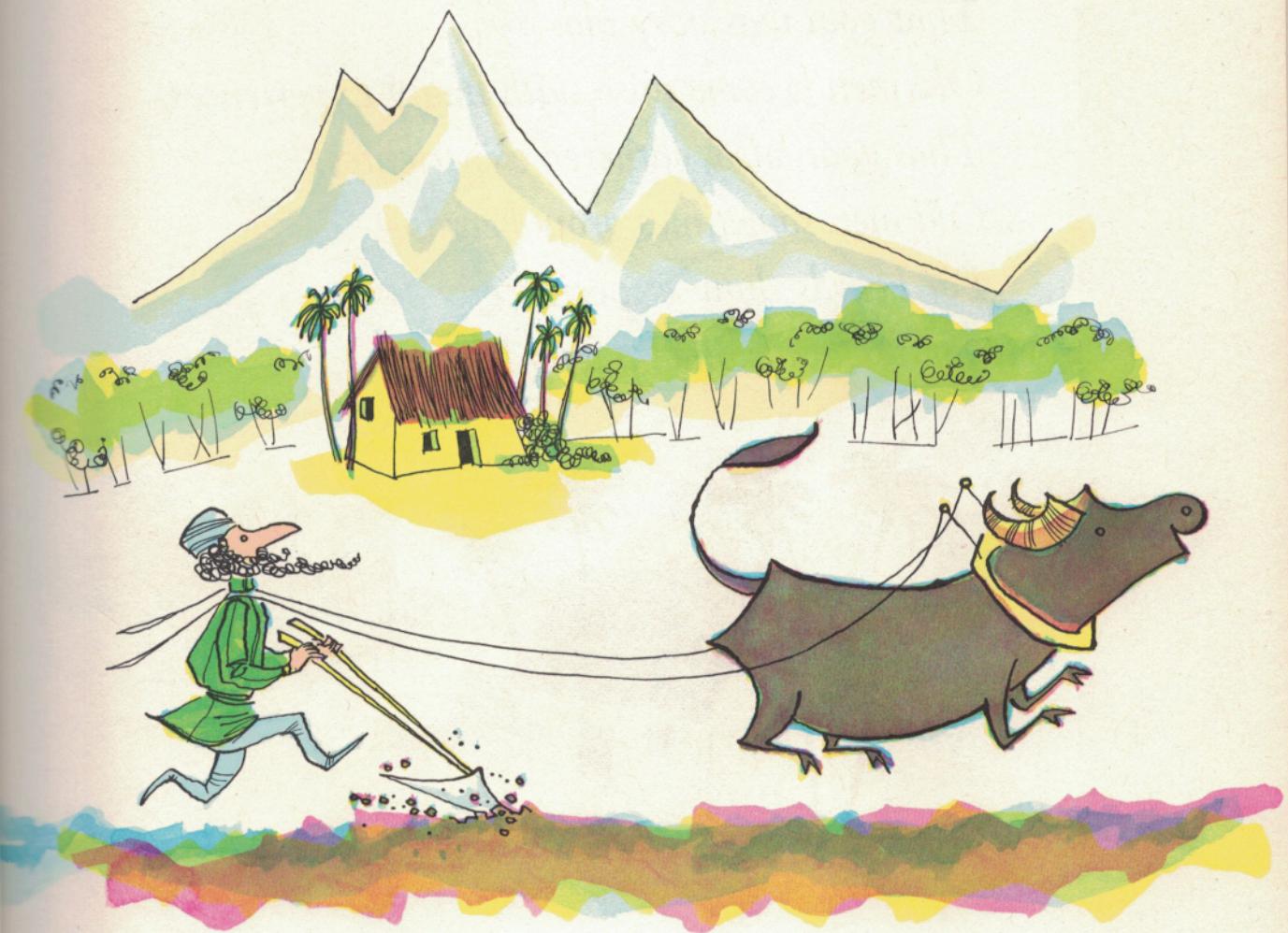
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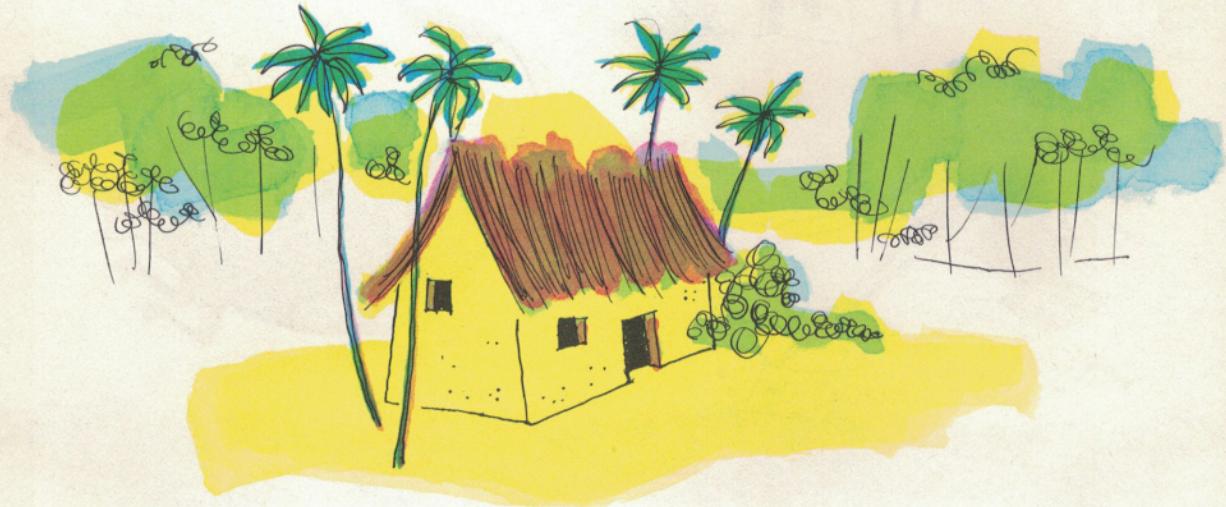


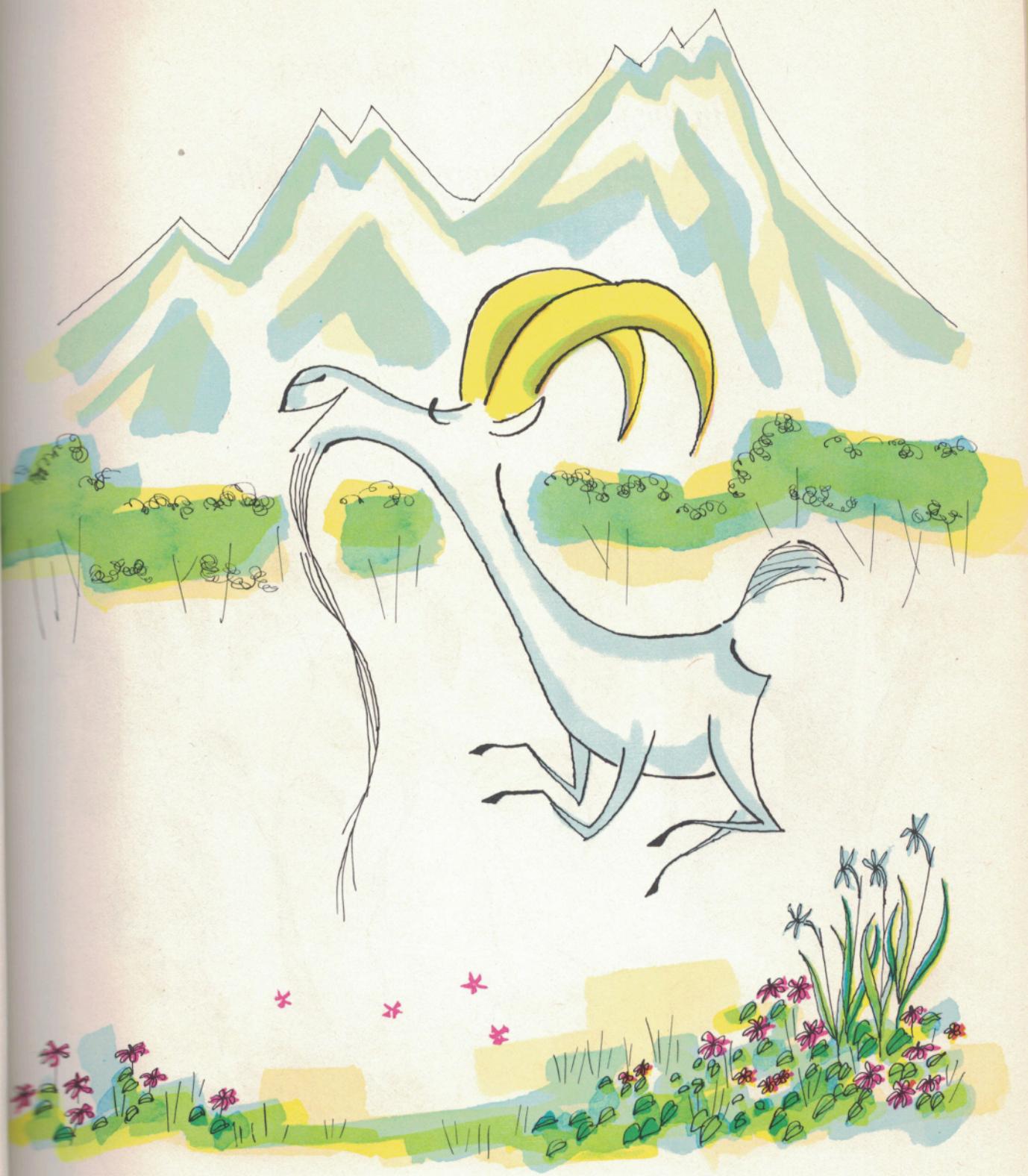
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*Long, long, long ago—
there was a farmer in Bengal.*

*That farmer had a goat.
That goat was very old.
Old men become wise with many experiences.
That goat, also, gathered experiences.
Old men sometimes grow beards—
For beards show experience.
That goat also had a long beard.*





*He used to eat grass and leaves
in the forest
everyday from morning until night.
He came home before the sun set.*



*Due to overeating—
sometimes he used to feel drowsy
and due to drowsiness—
sometimes he used to sleep.*



*When he could not sleep
he would nod his head
and wave his tail
and sing songs like this—
Ba - ba - ba - ba babab bus!
What a nice dinner it was!
Tara - tara - tarat tad!
What a good feast I had!*

*Sometimes when he was especially happy
he would change his tune
and dancing on his two legs
would sing a song like this—*



Da - da - dong!

Da - da - dong!

All day long

All day long

Dara dad!

Dara dad!

What a nice feast I had!

After eating
sleeping
dancing
and singing
he would come back
to the house of the farmer
each day before the sun set.



*But one day he saw some sweet grass
in another part of the forest.*

*He was so pleased that he ate
as much as he could, and—*

due to overeating—

he felt drowsy

and due to drowsiness—

he felt sleepy

and when he fell asleep

he snored like this—

ghar - rat
ghar - rar - rat
gha - ra - rat!



*When the old goat woke up
it was almost night
and the forest looked dark
with the shadows of the high trees.*

NOW! . . .

*What was the way home?
What should he do?
He was angry and cross with himself—
What now? . . .*

*He tried to find a way
out of the forest.*

*But due to old age
his eyesight was short
and due to bad eyesight
he could not see in the dark*

AND—

*Just at that moment he heard a roar
and then a growling in the forest—*



GAR - R - R - R ...

*The whole forest trembled with a sound
like an earthquake. The forest was full
of ferocious lions and tigers
and bears and other wild animals.*

*Fortunately the old goat saw a cave
on the side of a hill nearby.
He crept into the cave
and repeated his prayers
a hundred times over.*



BUT THAT CAVE WAS THE HOME OF A TIGER.

*And after a while the tiger came home.
And there was the bearded white fellow
in his cave!*

*But the tiger was old, too,
and he could not see very well.*

He shouted,

“Who are you in the home of Mr. Tiger?”

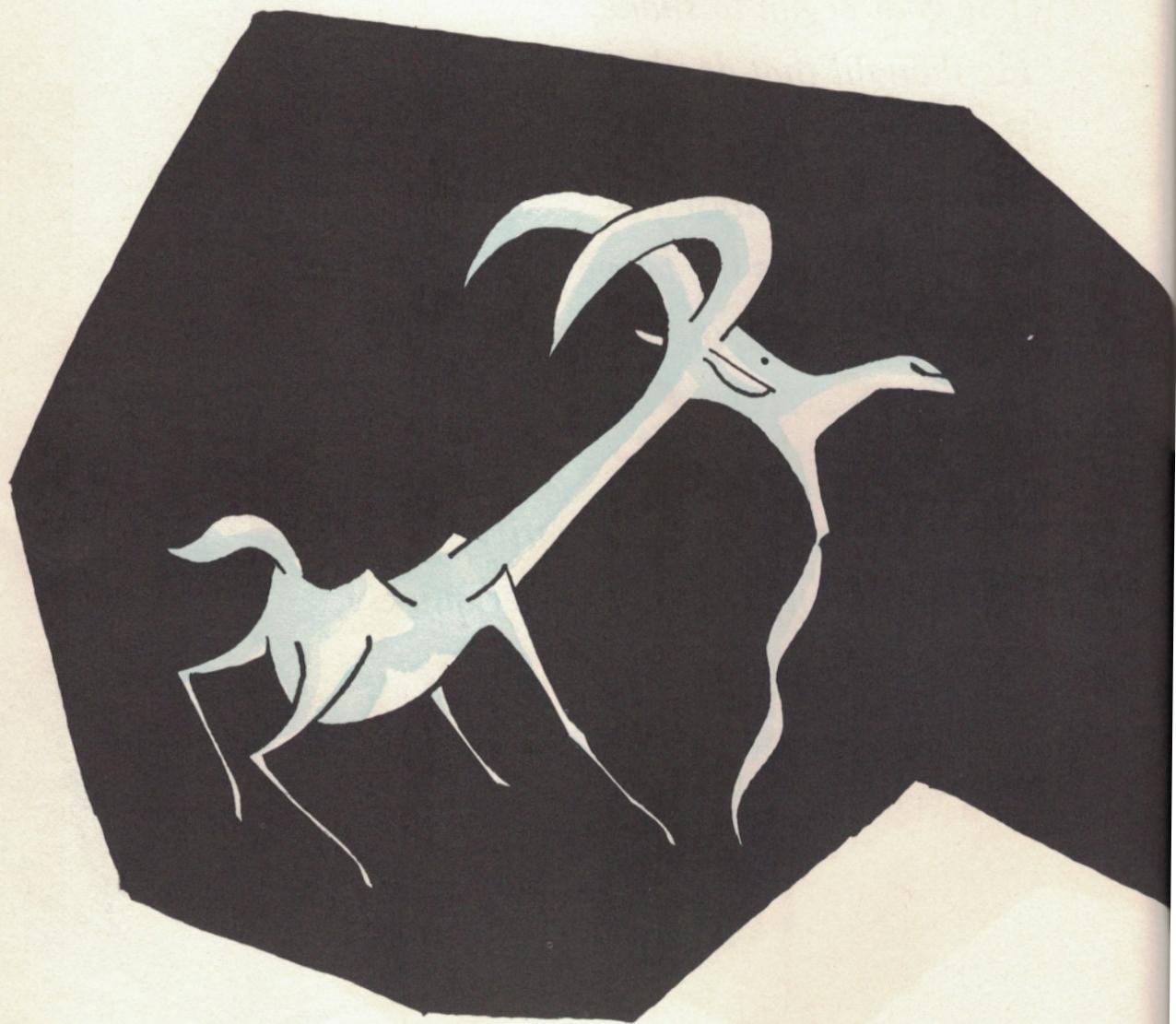


*The goat began to shake.
He thought that death was near.
But he could still play tricks
For he said to himself—
“Fortune favors the brave
and there is a saying:
‘WIT IS MIGHTIER THAN STRENGTH.’”*

*The tiger shouted again angrily,
“Who is in my home? Answer quickly,
or . . .”*

The goat replied in a heavy voice,

*“I AM THE UNCLE OF LION
MY NAME IS BHOMBAL DASS—*



*WITH FIFTY TIGERS EVERY DAY
I EAT MY BREAKFAS'!"*



*“The lion is the King of the Forest!
And he is the UNCLE OF LION!
His name is BHOMBAL DASS!
And he finishes his breakfast
With the meat of FIFTY TIGERS . . .”*

*Away the tiger ran through the forest
crashing trees and crying—
“Ba - ba - ba - ba - bus!
He is the UNCLE OF LION
And his food is FIFTY TIGERS
in the morning.”*



Just when the tiger was running out of breath
a monkey saw him and asked,
"Reverend Uncle, what's the matter?
Why are you running like a child?"
The tiger called out, still running,
"What shall I say, my nephew?
There is a BHOMBAL DASS
He is the UNCLE OF LION
and he takes his breakfast . . ."
Now he was out of breath.

The monkey gave him water to drink.
He was too tired to run any more.
After a while he began telling the monkey about a
BHOMBAL DASS that was living in his home.
"Moreover, he says he is the
UNCLE OF LION and—
he eats FIFTY TIGERS as his breakfast!"



*The monkey could not believe the tiger.
"There is something wrong," he said.
"Let us go home together and see."*



*But the tiger shook his head to say no.
After some persuasion, and with
the monkey leading, he started for the cave.*

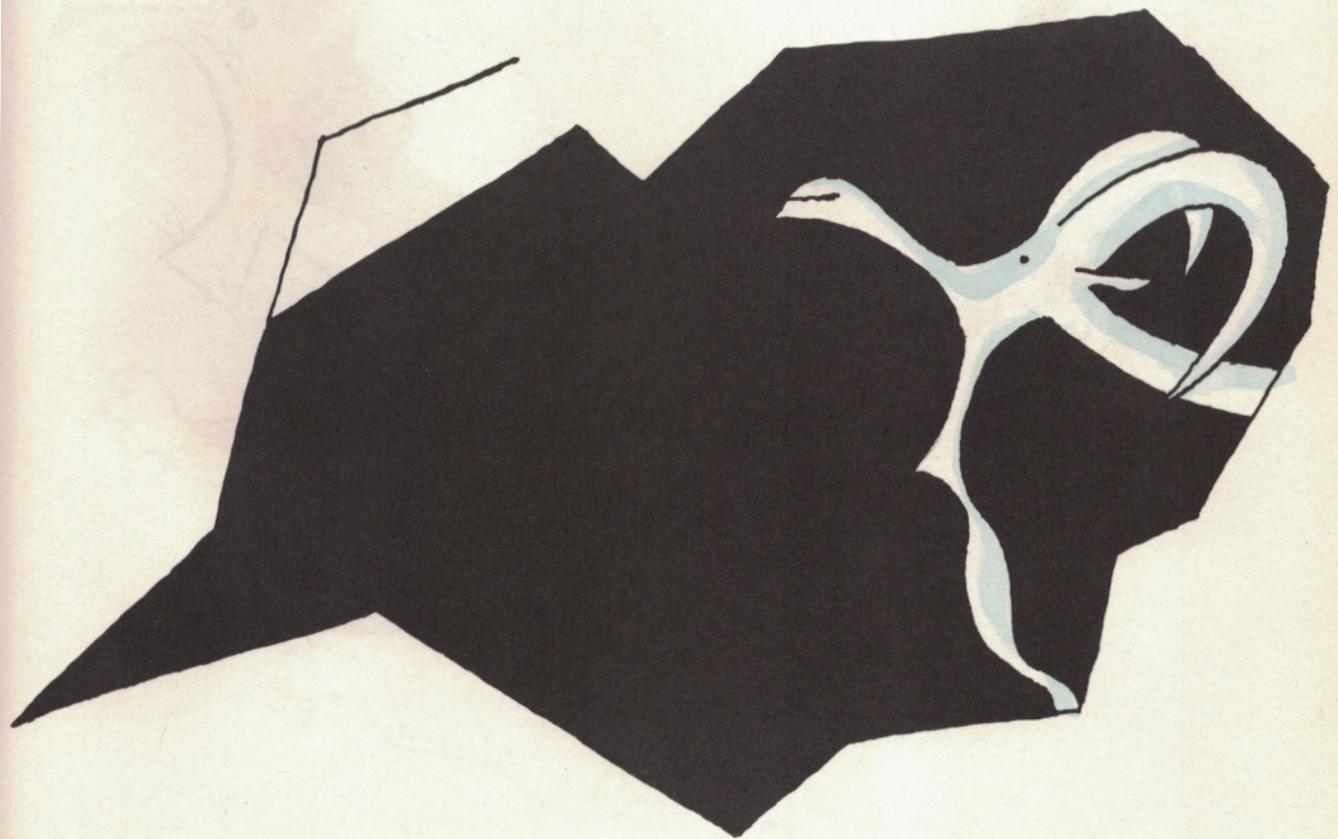


*At the first sight of the monkey
and the tiger
the goat's heart beat fast.
He was frightened
and he thought death was near.
But he still had tricks
and he said to himself
“WHILE THERE IS LIFE,
THERE IS HOPE.”*

*The monkey called out loudly,
“Who is in the cave of the tiger?
Answer quickly.”*



*The goat replied in a harsh voice,
"Monkey, YOU are bad. I will eat YOU now.
I told you to bring me ten tigers
for my supper
But now, after all this time
You bring me only one!"*



*When the tiger heard this
he thought the monkey had made plans
with BHOMBAL DASS,
THE UNCLE OF LION
and deceived him.*



*He ran away fast, crashing trees
and threatening the monkey
he would teach him a lesson one day.*



But now the night was over
and morning dawned at last.

The old goat started for the home of the farmer
nodding his head smilingly
and swinging his tail merrily and singing his song,

Tat - ta - ta - ta - tatat - tus!

I am Mr. BHOMBAL DASS

Dood - do - do - do - dodol - dings!

WIT IS MIGHTIER
THAN ALL THINGS!



The Author

Ashraf Siddiqui is a popular author in his native Pakistan and a professor in the government college there. He has recently been in the United States for higher study in linguistics and folklore. He is devoted to the cause of international friendship and good will, and feels that many of the world's ills could be cured with just a little more faith and love.

The Artist

Tom Hamil is a Californian and the author and illustrator of two beautiful picture books, *Brother Alonzo* and *Hans and the Golden Flute*, delightful evidence that he is most sympathetic with Mr. Siddiqui's philosophy.

